

exile and the kingdom

*monuments threaten me
the past imposing its hard cold hand upon the future
i would rather see trees
and bruise my bare feet on pebbles
than wrap them out of the dust*

*my eyes behold the artefacts of fear
clustered like mushrooms crumbling from their first moment
i taste their decay as i breathe
and then i know exile*

*so i flee
the citadel conclusions of the human mind
that so tenuously command contemporary reality
knowing i am a true born son
and they bastards*

*within this collage of chaos
i hear the tongues of autumn and spring
in the unmistakable raucour of birth
and while i die and am born each day
each hour
there are they who have chosen their season
oblivious to the subtle balance of the single cycle*

*but i have watched the face of the moon
through branches rising white and brilliant
as a sphere of stars
i have watched the sun spread infinity over the sea
i have drowned in tears and in light
and i have arisen again*

*i cannot return
for i have known wonders greater than the eye can witness
in the same breath i have been ravaged by fear
the cellular disintegration is identical*

death, also, comes in passing

*i have been shaped by every moment of my breath
in some i have found guidance
the path is bathed with light
where i stray from it i stumble
and must open my eyes to see the way*

*i shall never return
for my kingdom is another
present and eternal
it has not monument nor motto
no sign and no limit
and while it is my home
i play here awhile until my return
each atom become light*

*my heart has courted truth
and i have bathed naked in cascades of light
passed deaths portraits unafraid
i am no longer free to choose
but in my fealty rests a greater freedom*

*so much for innocence, ignorance
children are flowers, but what of the fruit?
the roots of truth drive their light through my fingers
i have my destination
infinite grace
i am doomed to an eternity of perfection*

